them not judge, or imagine vain things, but accept, as indeed they must, the King's renunciation of the Throne, and fall in with his wishes by according their fullest loyalty to his successor.

This masterly oration met with the almost unanimous approval of Parliament, only Colonel Josiah Wedgwood mentioning the possibility of a toast again being drunk to a King Over the Water, and Mr. Buchanan, an LL.P. Member, sensibly observing that if Mr. Baldwin's and others' lavish praises of Edward VIII were sincere, there would have been no reason for them to get rid of him. These were solitary and unappreciated voices; it was Mr. Baldwin's day, the greatest triumph of his career. An historian looking back on it hereafter, recalling the adroitness with which he confused the issue, while at the same time giving an impression of clarifying it, the skill with which he arranged his case and the eloquence with which he presented it, may well reflect that, had he but devoted a quarter of the ingenuity required to unseat his King to unseating Hitler, the decade he largely dominated might have ended less precariously.

VIII

After making a farewell broadcast, Edward VIII, become Prince Edward again, and later to become Duke of Windsor, left England to Mr. Baldwin, and went abroad. In the ten days between his departure and Dr. Blunt's address to the Bradford Diocesan Conference, an astonishing reversal of popular sentiment took place. A mighty engine of publicity,

moving at a great speed in one direction, was suddenly stopped, brakes jammed on with loud groaning and grinding, and the engine laboriously put into reverse gear. In totalitarian countries, where a single driver controls steering wheel, gear lever and brakes, such an operation is easy; a word suffices to bring it about—one day Bolsheviks sub-human scum, and the next valued allies; one day the Third Reich a menace to peace, and the next